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Pius XII on Socialization

THE COMPLETE text of the Pope's recent address to the delegates and members of the Christian Associations of Italian Workers, who were holding their first general meeting at Rome for some time, has not been printed in this country despite promises from Vatican City in American newspapers. From the excerpts which appeared in the Catholic press it is possible to reach a few useful conclusions, however. Pius XII consciously follows the path charted by Leo XIII and Pius XI in applying the venerable Christian social tradition to changing modern economic conditions. He suggests that wartime production conditions do not themselves permit of further elucidation in the line of this tradition. He asks his hearers rather to envisage a return to civilian production after the war.

Here the Pope's talk stresses several vital points. In the first place mere agreement between employer and workers is not enough; if injustice is involved or the exploitation of labor, or "nationalization or socialization of the enterprise and democratization of economy a means of combat and struggle against the private employers as such," the justice of that agreement would be invalidated.

One thinks at once of the many war-torn lands when Pius XII holds that socialization is permissible when it is "the only means really effective to repair abuse or avoid waste of the productive forces of the country, and to assure the organic ordering of these same forces and to direct them to the benefit of the economic interests of the country, to the end that the national economy in its regular and pacific development may open the way to the material prosperity of all the people—the prosperity that constitutes at the same time the sound foundation also for cultural and religious life."

The Pope calls for a "democratization" of industry, an objective threatened by private monopoly as it is by the omnipotent State. He calls for a "new organization of the productive forces of the people" along the lines suggested by *Quadragesimo Anno,* underlining the common duty of labor and management to "provide constantly for the common welfare and the needs of all the community." This new solidarity in a common task should "open the way for the working classes to acquire their part and responsibility in the conduct of the national economy." Contrary to the Marxian objective of class war, the papal social program calls for genuine partnership between capital and labor with due sharing of responsibility, ownership, profits and whatever public regulation is required to conform the conduct of industry to the common good. This program likewise resists both the fascist and capitalistic expropriations of productive powers for unsocial ends, although it leaves the way open to socialization where the common welfare requires it. Back of it all is perennial concern for the human person, the quest for an organization of production in a manner most capable of affording sustenance, security and the liberty of the individual person adequately to develop his God-given talents.

Tightening Our Belts

IT WAS understatement, indeed, for Mr. Roosevelt to say to his Friday press conference that it was only decent for Americans to continue present domestic food restrictions and even to intensify them if necessary. Indisputable reports from France, Greece, Holland, Italy and other countries make the need for enough food to maintain life plain; what is less generally known is that the average American civilian's diet has actually increased during the war—consumption of meat also—despite our ration system. The people of the United States as a whole have plenty and to spare.

Unfortunately the desperate need of so many peoples in Europe cannot be met simply by an expression of willingness to do without over here for humanity's sake. Once a greater proportion of our food products is allocated for overseas relief, the problem arises where to find the extra shipping space. This is not insuperable but it con-

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sumes time which is invaluable. Samuel Grafton's eloquent study of the question in the New York *Post* tells of a growing sentiment in England for a new Dunkirk, the sending forth of a new armada of little boats, this time laden with essential foodstuffs for the starving families of the Continent.

There is a further obstacle to the rendering of effective aid to many of these war victims; transport within the afflicted countries is so badly disrupted that it is still impossible to distribute much of the food which has thus far reached those shores. We must face this difficulty squarely, too. Certain shipping space must be reserved for whatever is most needed to restore national transportation systems. Moreover, the feeding question never will be met until local industries, farms and other means of self-sustenance begin operating to a degree comparable to what they were before the war. In sum there is an immediate urgency plus a long-term problem. By all means let us make the necessary gesture, we Americans, of allocating more of our food to the men, women and children who need it most right now. Let us not grow fatter in a world of malnutrition. But it is essential to carry through our initial resolution. There must be no further delay about shipping space; implements for transportation and production must also get a top priority to start these war victims at producing for themselves at the first possible moment.

History and Morality

FREQUENTLY in these columns we have had occasion to point to certain little-understood continuities in Russian history. No one can deny the importance of Russian liking for collective life—a characteristic dating back into the Middle Ages—as one of the contributing reasons for Russian acceptance of communism. Of course the old institution of the Mir set a pattern not too vastly different from the pattern of collective farming. Indeed the kulak, or independent farmer, constituted a group generally disliked by the mass of Russian peasants, for in most Russian agricultural areas he was a relatively new phenomenon, the product of nineteenth century liberal ideas, and he was viewed by the mass of his fellow tillers of the soil somewhat as a pawnbroker might be viewed by the inhabitants of an industrial slum. Contrast this with Western exaltation of the independent farmer and you have a world of difference between the social attitudes of Russia and the social attitudes of the West.

It is likewise sound enough to say that Russian foreign policy has remained fairly continuous, if only because geographical considerations are primarily responsible for the shape it has taken ever since the Grand Duchy of Moscow began to emerge as a major power. So also one can point to Stalin's recent accommodation with the Orthodox Church as paralleling the accommodation which long existed between that Church and the Czarist government; indeed the attitude of Peter the Great in his Church policy was very much like that of Stalin. Then one can point to present Russian use of history as a bulwark of patriotism.

But recently there has arisen an extraordinary perversion of historic method. We now find a small but growing school of historical students who tend to justify substantially every aspect of Soviet life by finding that aspect to be a continuation of something similar in pre-Revolutionary Russia. Of course these gentlemen are deeply hurt when you accuse them of "justifying" anything. They insist that they are merely historians, refusing to make moral judgments. But in fact their work tends toward moral judgment and is accepted by gullible readers as constituting moral judgment. Of this school the most prominent exemplar is a certain John F. Normano, the author of a recent volume entitled "The Spirit of Russian Economics." Mr. Normano really does a bang-up job. Someone remarks that the present government in Russia is a government by coercion. Aha! says the Doctor. So also was the Czarist Government. There is nothing revolutionary about *that!* Someone else points to Russian messianism: the notion that Russia has a deep spiritual vocation among the nations. Well, says Dr. Normano, you can find the same thing going all the way back to the Middle Ages—if under a slightly different form. Did not Orthodox theologians insist that Moscow was the third Rome and the only true center of Christendom? So Russian messianism is OK, too. And if one speaks of the destruction wrought by the Revolution, Dr. Normano comes back with all sorts of quotations from earlier Russian writers exulting in destruction. There is nothing new about that either. In short, the Revolution was a *return* to a deeply Russian way of life, a rejection of rulers perverted by Western liberalism, and of the diabolical social democrats.

Such childishness would scarcely be worth our attention were it not dangerous. The assumption that something is good merely because it is traditional is on the face of it silly. Yet so much prejudice has been built up against the Russian Revolution *merely because it was a revolution* that Normano's apologetic has a high power of deception. If he can show that all the aspects of the present government are traditional, then the Revolution turns into something far less sinister, something altogether explicable. We must confess that, however deeply we oppose historic communism, our sympathies in this instance would lie with Lenin, as he spins in his grave over the extraordinary new apologetic worked out by the mysterious Dr. Normano.

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"Peace Feelers"

YOU CAN watch history and history is very complicated. But if you wish to influence history you have got to be very simple. You have got to make history simpler than it is. You have got to make governments know very simply what it is you wish and very simply what it is you demand. Especially in time of war. Everything has to be very clear in time of war. Including the purpose for which a war is fought. The immediate purpose: victory. You have to be very clear about the meaning of victory. Any soldier knows precisely what victory means; it means the moment when the order reaches him to cease fire. The captain, the sergeant, the corporal, the private look at their watches; and then it is a certain time of the year, the day, the hour, the minute, the second—a last man dies—and then there is the order cease fire and it is victory.

That is how victory happens. The soldier gets a certain order and he knows that victory has happened. But the soldier does not give the order to himself, that is the order concerning victory; sometimes he gives the order to himself but then it is the order concerning defeat. He says I am going to cease fire and then it is defeat. When cease fire means victory the order comes from the government, through proper military channels, and of course the order cease fire comes also to the defeated from the government of the defeated, if there is any government still there to give the order, and also through military channels, if the channels are still there to transmit the order, and on paper it may look a little confusing but in practice it is not confusing because although both governments order the cease fire one of them knows that it is forced to give the order and the other one knows that it need not give the order at all but could keep on ordering its soldiers to fire until every enemy soldier, every enemy man, woman or child were destroyed.

That is why the governments on the winning side in a war have to be told very clearly that they must give the order to cease fire as soon as they can. There is this victory to be grasped and it must be grasped as soon as it can be grasped.

That is why the instructions to the governments must be simple and clear. Because, otherwise, everything will get mixed up and there will be a lot of grief. For instance, one man will die needlessly. An American soldier, or a German soldier. Needlessly. Because the order to cease fire has been delayed, needlessly, for thirty seconds. Or a fruit tree somewhere will be broken or a woman somewhere will worry for thirty needless additional seconds about her son. Incalculable disaster contained in time.

It is too late afterward, because history is so complicated, it is too late afterward to know with any precision whether or not the other war could have been ended in 1916, in 1917. The story is too complicated about the Austrians and all the trips to Switzerland and the negotiations and Clemenceau denying everything. It is always too late afterward and there is nothing to be done about the bitterness.

Nor is there much that can be done directly, at the time, because whatever Clemenceau there is, he will always say the talks have to be secret and if some German has approached the Russians or if some German Third Secretary of Legation has approached some British Third Secretary of Legation, well, that is the way it always is before the Germans collapse and we, the governments, will tell you when the Germans are through, and then it will be victory and you will know about it. In due course; that's our business; that's what we are here for.

So that all the citizen can do is to tell the Third Secretaries of Legation to listen carefully to what the Germans say and report carefully what they say and not worry at all about being involved in dangerous "peace feelers"—for the reason that this war is being fought in order to reach a peace as rapidly as possible and if the Germans are talking about peace that means that peace is becoming a possibility. And all the citizen can do is to tell the governments not to forget that peace is what he wants.

That means victory. That means, for reasons which it is not necessary to discuss, the total occupation of Germany by the forces of the United Nations. At this stage of the war against Germany peace is equivalent to victory. It can be equivalent to nothing else. The citizen can say this to the governments, the British, the American, the Russian citizen, or subject, or whatever you want to call him, can say this to his government and the government will say thank you that is what we have always said and what is this about?

It is about this. In time the total occupation of Germany indubitably will be accomplished by force of arms. That means victory, that means peace. The total occupation of Germany may be accomplished *in a shorter time* by combining the force of arms with negotiation. We want Germany to be totally occupied in the *shortest time possible;* consequently we demand that negotiations with Germans be carried out with the highest determination, the most complete sincerity, the most insistent aim to succeed. That is why we demand also that assurance be given incessantly to the German people that our victory does not imply their destruction. Now that victory is near; now that it is becoming possible to give the cease fire order perhaps a moment sooner.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Cooperatives as Pacemakers

Their function in improving our diet

James Rorty and *N. Philip Norman, M.D.*

IN OCTOBER, 1944, the Cooperative League of the United States and its sixteen affiliated regionals celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the movement started in Rochdale, England, by the twenty-eight wise weavers of Toad Lane. The Centennial Congress had a good deal to celebrate. During the two decades between wars the movement had grown at a rate of cumulative acceleration which made it by 1944 a billion dollar business serving over two and a half million individual cooperators.

That, seemingly, represented only a beginning. Growth curves as steep as church steeples featured the centennial reports of many of the regional wholesales. In the cooperative distribution and production of oil and in insurance, as well as in the older farmer-purchasing departments of feed, seed and fertilizers, the co-ops had challenged and surpassed the efficiency of commercial business and had broken the grip of monopolies. In the field of retail distribution there were in 1944 over three thousand co-op stores scattered from Maine to California and from Florida to Washington, serving half a million families. Since there are some 387,000 grocery and meat stores in the United States, the accomplishment of the co-ops in this field is on the surface not particularly impressive. Actually, however, the performance to date is more significant than the figures indicate. During the post-war period the expansion of the co-ops in the fields of food distribution *and* food processing may well be so rapid as to be decisive, both in establishing securely the economic power of the cooperative movement as a whole, and in the re-engineering of our food economy and culture which has been necessitated by the findings of our advancing food sciences.

By cracking the food atom and making obsolete the calory as a measure of food value, the nutritionists have made it necessary for both food consumers and food distributors to think and talk less about gross food *quantities* and more about such *qualitative* essentials as vitamins, minerals, amino acids, etc.

By showing that nutrition—and health—go all the way back to the soil through an unbroken linkage of plant and animal feeding and soil fertilization, our agricultural scientists have posed even more fundamental, though less well-advertised problems for the consumer, the food processor and distributor, and the health worker.

Even before World War I we knew that our general adoption of devitalized white flour and bread and our rising consumption of devitalized sugar in all forms, especially carbonated beverages and candy, represented serious health hazards. But because of the vested commercial interests established in these foods, and in the consumer food habits built up largely by sales and advertising pressures, the warnings of nutritionists and informed physicians went unheeded. It took another war before our millers and bakers could be persuaded to adopt the inadequate, makeshift "enrichment" program whereby they put back in synthetic form a *few* of the essential nutrients which for three generations they have been removing from their products.

That's not enough—and it's up to the co-ops to lead the way in doing more and better.

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How great a rôle the co-ops will play in food distribution and food processing as in other fields, would seem to depend largely on how rapidly the national organization implements the resolutions passed by the Centennial Congress. These resolutions called for a rapid expansion of national research, educational and organizational activities along the lines so admirably developed by the Swedish co-ops. The Swedes have continuously vitalized their movement, on the one hand by providing centrally directed promotional and regulatory services, and on the other by anxiously guarding the autonomy and initiative of the local units.

There are at least eight major contributions which the consumer cooperative movement can and should make toward the re-engineering of our food economy and culture. Indeed, so important is the yardstick function of co-ops in this field that the performance of the four other major protagonists of the food drama—government, organized labor, the organized farmers and the organized food processing and distributing industries—will lag or advance, be progressive or obstructive, depending largely, it would seem, upon whether or not the co-ops are able to play well their indicated rôle. This will become

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evident if we take up one by one the accomplishments of the cooperatives in the field of food distribution and food processing, and then attempt to project what they seemingly could do and must do if they and their regional and national leaders are to rise to the great historic opportunity which will be theirs during the post-war period.

Cooperative grocery stores distribute at a cost of 19.56 cents per dollar of net sales. This compares with 20.68 for the grocery chains and 22.80 for the average individual grocer. These figures are taken from the 1943 report of the Federal Trade Commission on distribution methods and costs. The author of this report remarks that

> In comparing these showings, it is important to note differences between the activities of the cooperatives as compared with those of the other groups. The cooperatives had a ready-made clientèle in their owners. A majority of them also operated in smaller towns although two of the largest were in large cities. They generally did not find it necessary to operate from expensive business locations, and were not heavy advertisers. Also, even the largest of the cooperatives had net sales much smaller than those of either of the other groups.

Here is impartial testimony to the effect that although cooperative retail store distribution is still embryonic in size and relatively primitive in organization, it is already successfully competing with the great commercial chains in point of net distributive costs.

If that is so, what will be the situation when the volume of the cooperative retail food business is multiplied several times, as seems likely to happen within a few years, when co-op stores are as thickly and as strategically planted in areas of maximum demand as are the commercial chain stores, and when back of every co-op store there stands a fully developed regional and national merchandising organization? One may reasonably look for the answer to this question in Great Britain, where twenty-five percent of retail food distribution is handled by the co-ops, and especially in Sweden, where Cooperative Union serves about 4,500 stores distributing thirty-three percent of the food sold in the country. In both countries, incidentally, the low distributive costs of the co-ops have been achieved in spite of the fact that they pay higher than average wages to their employees. At the peak of their early success, the pioneer chain store attained profits of as much as twenty-three percent on invested capital. Later competition between chains reduced the earnings of all of them and the current (1944) average is estimated at around one percent of volume. However, this narrow margin does not mean that the co-op food stores, as they spread and develop, cannot return substantial savings to their owners. Not only can they equal—and beat—the commercial chains in the efficiency of their distributive machinery; they can achieve even more substantial savings through the reduction or elimination of excessive or needless advertising, merchandising and packaging costs and by a return to natural cereals which are not only more nutritious but can be sold for less, once adequate volume is established. Finally they can emulate the commercial chains and tap really substantial sources of savings for their members by going systematically into every form of food processing. Between 1929 and 1934 the British Cooperatives returned $600,000,000 in the form of purchase dividends—for the most part to working class families struggling through the blackest years of the depression. Organized labor in this country, facing as it does the probability of mass unemployment during or after the reconversion period, should keep this figure in mind. For various reasons—among them the relative efficiency of the American commercial chains—it will be long before the co-ops are able to do as much for the industrial worker in this country as in England, but they can do a great deal, in food, as in other consumers' goods.

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Now that the major findings of our nutritionists and food scientists have become accepted, almost the whole of our food economy and culture must be considered obsolete or obsolescent. Once the war is over, or even before then, the dammed up torrent of scientific discovery and technological application will rush through all the linked channels of our food economy from the seed bed of the farmer to the consumer's table. What about the demonstrated fact that the essential, life-giving and health-guarding mineral content of vegetables and fruits varies hugely, depending upon the mineral content of the soil in which they are grown? What about the fact that the vitamin content of these foods varies even more widely, depending upon linked factors of variety, climate and soil? What about the huge and thus far unlabeled differences in the nutritive content of different brands of canned, quick frozen and dehydrated foods? What about the new methods of milk pasteurization and dehydration which if generally applied would restore to the American diet most of the huge quantity of Vitamin C—more than that contained in our total citrus crops—of which crude and now obsolete methods of pasteurization still rob us? What about the prodigious feeding potential of food yeast? What about the soy bean and the sunflower seed? What about our war-time ocean harvests of cheap and nutritious "trash" fish—will we be denied them once peace is restored? What about our devitalized bread and sugar?

Big business—specifically the score or so of huge corporations that dominate the processing and distribution of food in this country—will have its own answer to these questions, but it will

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not necessarily be the consumer's answer. Business welcomes food discovery and food invention only in so far as such advances can be profitably exploited. True, business subsidizes food research. But behind the guarded doors of its laboratories many a precious food discovery has described a brief ambit from womb to tomb. Barring a reorganization of our whole economy, the tendency of business may well be to impound the mounting flood of cheap nutritious food and throttle it down to a trickle of manipulated scarcity; to exploit the talking-point value of vitamins, minerals, and amino acids instead of delivering these nutritive essentials to the consumer for what they are worth.

What the co-ops might do to free and expand the channels of food abundance is indicated by what they have already done. It was the co-ops that pioneered the introduction of dehydrated milk, of soy products and of food yeast. Several of the regionals have baked excellent loaves of whole wheat bread and marketed them successfully to an increasing clientèle, despite the insistence of the commercial milling and baking industries that it couldn't be done. The Cooperative Flour Mill at Auburn, Indiana, owned by a syndicate of a half dozen regionals, has produced excellent and informatively labelled whole grain flours and cereals, and by providing the co-op wholesales and retails with popular educational literature has contributed to the improvement of food habits. Co-op labels, as developed by National Cooperatives, utilize the government A, B, C grades and in addition are becoming more and more informative — far beyond anything achieved by commercial food processors.

A hint of what may be coming is contained in the 1944 report of the Consumers Cooperative Association of Kansas City, which during the year ending August 31, 1944, did a business of over $16,000,000—a gain of nearly fifty-six percent over the preceding year—and returned over $1,500,000 in the form of purchase dividends to its members. In its food department this thriving wholesale did a business of over a quarter of a million during 1944 and established seventeen new self-service stores, five of these being combination locker plants and stores. This combination holds one of the keys, it would seem, to the re-engineering, and incidental decentralization, of our food economy—and it is a "natural" for the co-ops. At one stroke it cuts a couple of expensive links out of the distributive chain, eliminates food handling and consequent loss of nutritional values, and provides a meeting ground for the farmer's marketing cooperative on the one hand and the urban consumers cooperative on the other. Applied nationally, by a movement adequately organized, financed and staffed at the top, this key combination could do much to turn our food economy right side up, for a change, in a matter of a few vigorous and creative years.

Unfortunately, however, the regionals have not balanced their phenomenal growth by a proportional enlargement of the budget, the staff and the functions of the central organization in Chicago. In haste to make up this lag, the Centennial convention instructed the directors of the League to develop new and much needed national services in the fields of planning, publicity, scientific research, personnel training, legislation, architecture and design, credit and finance, insurance, health and housing. All these services will be badly needed if the co-ops are to exploit the magnificent opportunity which the revolution in food science and technology has presented to them.

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In appraising the performance of the co-ops in the food field it is important to remember that they have had to deal with, and survive in, a food economy and culture which they never made. For example, co-op nutritionists and dietitians know that the bleaching of flour destroys carotin, and National Cooperatives point this out in the bulletin it sends out to its customers. Nevertheless bleached flour and many other processed foods of dubious nutritional merit are sold under the Co-op label, for the reason that within limits the Co-op managers are obliged to give the customers what they want. And what they want has to a considerable degree been decided *for* them—not by them—by the commercial food advertiser, and his pliant aides, the food editors of the newspapers and the magazines. This will continue to be the situation until the co-ops, through the expansion of their own yardstick educational facilities—a national co-op weekly and a cooperatively owned chain of FM broadcasting stations would help—are able to put the control of food habits back where it belongs, in the hands of the consumer and his scientific advisers.

No representative of the consumer cooperative movement spoke at the 1941 National Nutrition Conference for Defense for the reason that no co-op representative was invited. Nor did any spokesman for the movement see fit to protest the slight.

Instead, the consumer was represented at this crucial war conference—in so far as he was represented at all—by a few nutritionists, educators and consumption economists, too honest and independent to go along with the disingenuous and inadequate program which had been virtually prescribed by the commercial food processors long before the conference convened. In behalf of the consumer there appeared also a miscellaneous collection of volunteer liberals, laborites, and professional consumer representatives. Since

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the latter represented neither votes, money nor recognized scientific authority, they got scant attention.

By this time the co-ops *do* represent votes. They also represent in all probability the most efficient, the most rapidly growing, and the most progressive element of the economic machinery by which food is processed and distributed. They represent, finally, an extremely valuable element in the American culture.

The sooner the co-ops take over the representation of the consumer interest in this country wherever it is affected—in print, on the air and at Washington, the better it will be for everybody, not excepting the commercial food processors and distributors. At present, half the "consumer" representatives who show up at Food and Drug Administration hearings and on similar official and unofficial occasions are phony in the sense that they are directly or indirectly financed by commercial food processors or distributors. This does not apply to *bona fide* consumer service agencies like Consumers Research and the Consumers' Union, both of which have played and will doubtless continue to play useful rôles. But their combined clientèles, consisting predominantly of urban middle class liberals and professional people, scarcely exceeds 200,000, as compared to our rapidly growing army of two and a half million cooperators. Neither of the consumer service agencies has ever tried to reach farmers; neither has done much more than scratch the surface of organized labor, both wings of which are today supporting the co-ops not merely with resolutions but with money and action. With respect to food these consumer advocates and certifiers of quality can do little more than evaluate the offerings of commercial food processors, such evaluations being so quickly dated as to be of meager usefulness. As popular adult educators, they dilute the oceans of commercial advertising space and the eternities of radio time with a little disinterested information. That helps, but it is not enough. Finally, the consumer service agencies lack the large resources necessary to maintain adequate laboratories and pay full time nutritionists of the highest standing.

The consumers cooperative movement need suffer none of these limitations. Instead of giving the consumer something to worry about, the co-ops give him something to buy and eat. Instead of giving the food processors a "recommended" rating to exploit or a "not acceptable" rating to complain about, the co-ops provide, or soon will provide, a flexible yardstick of competition, sensitively attuned to the latest advances of food science and technology. This is education at the point of purchase, where it teaches most effectively, and it teaches *both* the consumer and the commercial food distributors who, lacking this discipline, are always in danger of forgetting whom they are in business to serve. Finally, although the co-ops have as yet barely begun to build their natural, creative alliances with the nutritionists and the food technologists, they have already the resources and the machinery required to make this alliance extraordinarily effective.

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A half dozen major foundations, most of them supported directly or indirectly by the food industry, are today the chief sources of subsidies for the work of research nutritionists. These foundations may be and usually are well administered by able and honest scientists, and the studies they sponsor may be and frequently are valid and important. But ultimately the decisions as to what shall be studied, and especially when and how new findings will be applied—these decisions are pretty much controlled by the interlocking directorates of our great food processors: General Foods, General Mills, General Baking and all the other corporate generals and field marshals of our highly centralized food industry. Both the science and the technology of food exhibit a powerful will toward plenty. But the purpose of the monopoly cartels is to sabotage plenty and manipulate scarcity. To this end, the cartel gets as close to the source as possible. The control of food *invention* is very close. The control of the food *discoverer* is even closer. By conditioning the food scientist's economic and social environment, our food processors expect subtly to influence his consciousness and so to control his behavior; not reliably in every case and on every occasion, but on the whole and in the long run.

That the level of scientific integrity among food scientists is as high as it is, and the amount of *ad hoc* research as small, is indeed close to miraculous. But the danger of the situation is obvious. For the protection of the scientists themselves, as well as for the reassurance of the public, a yardstick of independent reference is needed.

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Can government supply this need? Not wholly. Not so long as the producers' lobby dominates Congress and the federal departments. Not so long as quasi-governmental advisory bodies like the National Research Council are obliged to seek food research funds from industry-supported foundations because Congress fails to supply the necessary funds. Here is one of the greatest opportunities ever offered to the cooperative movement. Already some of the larger wholesales have sensed this opportunity and entered tentatively the field of nutrition research. But much more is needed: a central cooperative nutrition research laboratory, adequately financed, by both the co-ops and organized labor, and competently

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staffed. Surely nothing the co-ops could do would at once be more serviceable to the country and add more prestige to the movement.

Here at least the drive toward plenty would be integral. Then at last we should have some assurance that the tools of liberation provided increasingly by our advancing nutrition and agricultural scientists would be used, not perverted, or consigned to the morgue of some profit-motivated cartel.

Marcel Légaut

A French experiment in community life

Rudolph M. Morris

THE SOCIOLOGISTS make a distinction between "primary" and "secondary" groups, the latter being organizations in which the associates, shoulder to shoulder in a front line, tend toward a common purpose; the former, centering their members around a common life, so that they rather face each other, thus kindle the flame of inspired activity in each other's souls. Hence in the secondary group the individuals look in parallel lines, toward the same goal, whereas in the primary group the members meet each other, one looking into the eyes of the other. The primary group therefore turns out to be like a creative personality that as a unique being finds its meaning and fulfilment within itself. It represents a spiritual entity, its members are, or rather become, "real persons" by virtue of the strength they are receiving within their common group experience; as far as they pursue aims outside their group, they do it through the medium of the group spirit. The secondary group is very soon, if not from the very beginning, set up as an organized body (business corporation, welfare association) with a name, a board of directors, executives and so on. The primary group does not care for institutional forms; it has a simple structure and usually does not surpass the size of a very personal small community. Should however such a group grow and increase, then it transforms itself almost automatically into an organization of the secondary type, thus losing its genuine nature and becoming a clear-cut body, easily to be identified, within society.

But it happens that once in a while a primary group, although having developed into a large active association, remains what it was: a personal community, held together by a spirit of true communion, without any juridical form, even without a proper name. It is a happy event, such occurrence—it is rare but wonderful, inspiring and enjoyable. But it makes it hard for a reporter to give an adequate description of the life of such a community to outsiders. The group without name is far from being anonymous; its aims, though not registered in a charter, are nevertheless pursued in a well-planned manner, eagerly and energetically; its inner life, not fitting into any kind of scheme or "program of activities," is more intense and exemplary than most of other groups ever experienced it. In short, such a group must be loved in order to be understood and appreciated, and yet it cannot be loved before being made known as a reality. At the risk of spoiling the secret flavor, the unique spirit which enlivens the group's existence, the poor reporter has to try his best to give an approximately correct picture of its life.

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There is a group of this kind in France, founded and guided by Marcel Légaut. Its nature and life may first be approached by telling something about this man whose *charisma* alone made the being and working of the group possible. Légaut, now about 45 years old, was born in Brittany; with his dark hair and eyes, he incarnates the Celtic type. Endowed with brilliant gifts, he was admitted to France's élite university, the Ecole Normale Supérieure. Thus while a young man he came to Paris. He studied mathematics and physics, in later years to become professor of theoretical mechanics at the University of Rennes; after the occupation of the Northern part of France he was transferred to the University of Lyons. Following his inclination for a life in the spirit of the Gospels, during his student years he settled in a poor section of Paris where he lived with some congenial friends, bringing Christianity to his neighbors by sharing their way of life, their sorrows, anxieties and problems. The young missionaries experienced what it meant to face misery, to be confronted with economic insecurity, to stay at the borderlines of existence. They grew in stature themselves, while being at hand for the benefit of the

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men, women and children whose way of life they had freely chosen as a pattern for their own. Within this framework, conditioned by the circumstances, they tried to create the vision of a possible life surpassing the conditions set by fate; they brought to their neighbors this vision through the model of their own existence: contemplation and action were only two sides of the same basic attitude for them; they considered intellectual training and spiritual progress as parallel trails leading toward a single aim. The *imitation of Christ was their way, their source* and their goal.

During Légaut's student years, France was just beginning to turn away from a fighting "laicism" as its *Weltanschauung* to a friendly cooperation with the steadily increasing spiritual power of the Church. But in the schools and universities, and in the teacher-colleges, secularist prejudices against religion and believers still prevailed. Légaut soon discovered that Catholic students and teachers working in the public school system were lost in loneliness, without friendships, deprived of sympathy, and thus exposed to the danger of either remaining isolated or of being caught in the trap of a reactionary negativism regarding politics and public life. He therefore decided to do something for the benefit of his Catholic comrades in order to close the fatal gap between believers and non-believers among the intellectuals. Out of this initiative was born the movement, ever growing and enlarging, which still today has neither name nor legal form, and yet may be considered as one of the promising things in contemporary France. At least those who believe that in a period of transformation, when spiritual continuity is threatened with wholesale destruction, smaller centers of primary-group type alone can work for the renewal of our great tradition, will look upon a group like Légaut's with gratitude, hope and confidence.

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Légaut began by gathering the Catholics among his fellow-students of the Ecole Normale Supérieure; then came others from the various teacher colleges (*écoles normales*), men and women and students from the universities, preparing themselves for work in education. Step by step, the activity of the group became more canalized, and was finally centering around a house in Paris, rented by the group as a whole. There lived about twenty people together: married ones, some with children, and unmarried persons of both sexes. On Thursday (the weekday when there is no school in France) and Sunday, other friends dropped in for a chat, or to consult the library or participate in the day's program. A regular schedule was worked out, rather came into being by itself and out of experience: everyone gathered at 3 P.M. for a general discussion on a topic concerning philosophy or literature; then tea was served, followed by a meditation generally presented by Légaut himself; a short prayer in common introduced this period in order to create contrast with the usual round table talks; the slight change of atmosphere thus produced permitted a discussion even of the meditation without bringing this discussion down to the level of an "interesting" topic, like any other; the spirit of communion, of sharing *in the same experience was thus intensified.* Finally, a simple meal united all the participants, with a vesper service in the house chapel closing the day.

When summer came, for four months the group lived on two big farms in the mountains of the Massif Central. The number of men and women who at one time belonged to the group and now were scattered all over the country, with teaching positions in villages and smaller towns, had remarkably increased. Vacations offered them the opportunity, for which they longed the whole year through, of joining the community again; some of them came for a few days, others stayed for a couple of weeks. As a whole, about 400 people passed through the summer establishment, finding there new inspiration and contributing to a steady broadening of viewpoint, perspective and ideas in the group spirit. Life in these two neighbor "châteaux" was simple and unpretentious, permeated by a unity of purpose such as one rarely finds in gatherings of such size. Morning Mass, breakfast and then what was called the "liturgie des patates," the communal "kitchen police." The day's program was scheduled in such a way that there was free time to everybody's liking (after all, this was vacation!) and yet a lot of common action, among the latter the meals, the afternoon discussion on the large meadow under old shade trees, the hikes, mineralogical expeditions, and similar things.

But the essential was that with, and through, this community life *symbols again became reality.* In the group smoldered something of the reality of the early Christian communities. There was no historical imitation, no regression of any kind, as so many have sought to accomplish, through turning back to a past definitely gone; there was neither romanticism nor resentful negation of the present. Légaut and his friends felt much too close to things around them, to the happenings of the world to which they belonged—they were full of love, and this meant for them who did not preach but live this love that they be *real;* they lived not so much according to a "thou shalt" as in line with the evangelical spirit living in them, affirmative toward all things and everybody. Like bees, they were able to suck out of everything divine honey; their own staying and

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progressing on the road of Christ made them work like a magnet that attracted and brought out into full daylight the elements of affinity slumbering in the things and persons around them. The group, by its very being, was a reinterpretation of genuine attitudes and the spiritual sources by living experience. This kind of creativeness of the truly Christian group had three important practical implications. They concern the liturgical life of the group, and the thinking as well as the action of the group members.

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Old Abbé Gaudefroy was the chaplain of the group, or rather the group's spiritual adviser and friend ("chaplain" again sounds too institutional, and this would not fit into the "primary" character of the group). Perhaps it is no coincidence that he was not a philosopher, but, as professor of mineralogy, a student of science; the group lived in line with basic principles and had no need for their elaboration. The group lived with things and extracted the genuine meaning from them. And so also they lived with holy things. A Mass in the Légaut community was closer to its original than any I ever attended outside a Benedictine monastery: the congregation had not to be represented; it was present. Quite naturally the forms changed. Even the chapels of the group were simple and reduced to essentials; the embroidery was gone. New forms of common prayer were brought to the fore; common silence was among the outstanding ones. And I think the spirit of communion was rarely more alive than in the periods of silence practiced by those men, women and children living on a common level and toward a common goal. In the light of these spiritual experiences the perspective on further religious development was much broader; one became able to differentiate between the permanent and the changing forms, customs and institutions of the Church. And hence the people of the group got a new vision; they ventured to think about new ways for Christian communities; the idea of a "worldly monastery" came up, and they liked to imagine that perhaps their own group might be called to try out one or the other form of such a new social grouping within the great body of the Church.

Their appreciation and interpretation of works of literature and philosophical thought were no less influenced by the inner freedom they had obtained through the candor of their behavior. They studied Nietzsche, for instance, and discovered in his harsh and unconditional criticism of Christianity elements of truth; for they were able to distinguish between the original motives and the results distorted by a resentment not critically overcome. They also found a new approach to Gide, realizing the fruitfulness of scepticism, and to Marx, differentiating between the two forms and sources of radicalism. In short, their thinking became transparent thanks to the clarity they won through the *Ursprünglichkeit,* or "originality" of their own conduct of life.

And finally, their creative action was inspired and shaped by their "existential" condition, or, in other words, the reality of their community life. There was a fine feeling for changes needed in the structure of the community. More and more of the members married and had their own families. It seemed to be more fit for them as well as for the group as a whole to grant these small family units a way of life within the community that enabled them to have their privacy, notwithstanding their full adherence to the whole. Thus plans were made to build for them bungalows and to integrate them, by this device, into the common life of the organisms they actually were; an interesting approach, indeed, to combining community unity with individual freedom, a hint, too, that many contradictions about the problem of "collectivism" and "democracy" may be solvable, provided that a unifying spiritual basis can be created. Légaut's ideas, however, went farther. He envisaged the group being settled on a rather large farm where the farmwork would be entirely done by the members and where the group would extend its being and activity to the people living in the surroundings. Then the student members should, with the permission of their respective universities, continue their studies on the farm to the end that their life should be a real and authentic synthesis of intellectual and manual work. Reintegration of intellectual life into the real life of the nation was the final aim toward which he planned. He had even in mind the scattering of certain university departments in various villages around the university city. Thus also should the civil responsibility of the university for the good of the nation be reestablished.

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But Légaut is not an organizer. What he wanted was simply to show through concrete example, limited as it must be, that such things are possible. And so he started, under the most unfortunate conditions which prevailed in the horror years after the armistice, to build up such a community. At the end of 1940 he bought a deserted hamlet in the département of the Drôme, about sixty miles south of Lyons, and began to work with his wife, a few other friends, and two students of the University of Lyons. Other members of the group found the way to this hidden place. . . . We do not know what happened to them, or to the other people of the group; some were killed as soldiers, others deported to slave

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labor in Germany; the rest are certainly to be found among those who fought for a new France.

We may hope that Légaut and his friends will have an essential share in the New French Revolution now in the making. To be sure, their activity will not be in the fields of economic, social and political reform. Less visible and less general initiative will be needed in France in order to make her revolution a total one. The creation of spiritual realities is one of them. Légaut and his group achieved such a reality; they can and will continue on this road. The secret power of this man, who is not a genius at all, is that all his forces, the physical ones (his gracious movements), the intellectual ones (his keen mind), the spiritual ones (his evangelical candor and transparence), are fully and harmonious at his command; if you are with him, you feel the *presence* of a human being.

The Stage & Screen

Foolish Notion

HAVING composed this time a psychological primer in combination with the "Oxford Book of English Verse," there is not much chance of anyone's accusing Philip Barry of obscurity in his present offering. The thing proceeds from A to B, and given the first ten minutes of the first scene when the characters are met, the exposition asserted, and the plan laid, I think anyone in the audience over twelve could have written the same play. It is simple. In an extravagant New York setting, Sophie Wing, an actress of abundant personality and global fame, is on the sheer verge of marrying her leading man when news comes that her militarily missing, legally dead husband is not only on hand but on his way over. Thereafter, the action examines the forthcoming meeting through the imaginings of Sophie; of her fiancé, once her husband's best friend; of her adopted twelve-year-old daughter; of her professorial father; and finally, the actual meeting itself. All of which adds up to acts of talk, a fierce amount of quotation, and (lucky, lucky Mr. Barry!) Tallulah Bankhead. As it is true that the business of an actress (actor) playing an actress (actor) for money—and I mean by this on the stage, not just around the town—can be either the most fascinating or the most ghastly spectacle in the world, it is necessary to say at once that Miss Bankhead works it very well indeed. If she were playing a woman rather than a player, perhaps some of her more husky hoopla would seem somewhat extra, but I do not really think so. In any case, here she is certainly the only excuse for the evening and far and away more provocative than her lines. For the rest, Mr. Barry has conjured a most incessant little girl with an anthological knowledge of English poetry—all the way from Webster to G. M. Hopkins—plus an ingénue rôle compacted of large slices of outmoded slang and an

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amount of sentimentality only heretofore achieved by Ernest Hemingway. As played by Barbara Kent, this latter character provides a dilemma: one can nowhere be sure whether it is the part defeating the actress or the actress the part, and it is difficult to care. I suppose it is graceless to expect an actor to be thrice fancied, once real, and still exciting, but it does seem to me that the choice of Henry Hull for the circumstance was strange casting. His variety of unrecognizable accents does not really turn him into a various man and throughout, it is never easy to understand why he should occupy so much of the revery of his acquaintances as well as our own time. Donald Cook gives a Glenn-Anders reading of the part of the friend; Mildred Dunnock is neat as a further *prima donna*.

Mr. Barry has so frequently been lost among the more brumous dimensions of fantasy, all the haze and miz allied to poetic conceptions in the popular mind. Often his inability *to think* has entirely boxed a fine theme—witness his "Here Come the Clowns" some years ago. In this piece, however, his attack and progress seem to me quite reasonable: everyone does and dreams precisely as expected, there is neither puzzle nor surprise. On the other hand, no one and nothing is very interesting. It is singularly unfortunate that if Mr. Barry should have at last achieved "inner logic," he should have done so in a vacuum. (*At the Martin Beck.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Lo! The English Man!

WHEN the English make a honey of a picture, they make indeed a honey of a picture. Anyone who has reviewed a large number of English films knows that as a rule only the best are exhibited in America; but these best are very good. Anglocinemaphiles are convinced that English movies make ours look like gaudy imitations of reality. Many foreigners and most Americans, including myself, don't agree with this—mainly because Hollywood movies in spite of their Hollywoodisms have a vitality that the English products seldom succeed in attaining. There is however a new importation that stands up with our best as well as such superior English movies as "48 Hours," "Thunder Rock" and "In Which We Serve.'

This film, known here as *"Colonel Blimp,"* was released in England in 1943 as "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp," a title that is still retained in the opening shots because it has been woven into a stunning piece of tapestry that serves as a frontispiece. The camera comes closer to the tapestry and we see that the armored figure on horseback is not Saint George but the hero of Low's famous cartoons, Colonel Blimp. The movie is the story of this much loved and widely celebrated character.

His name is Clive Candy, and we first see him as a young man at the Royal Bathers Club in London where he is on leave from the Boer War. Blustering, shy, boyishly mannish Candy tries to get permission from the Foreign Office to go to Germany in response to a letter from an English governess there who complains of increasing anti-English propaganda in Berlin. He is refused because he is a British officer, so he goes on his own. In a most effective café scene, Candy and Edith, the governess, get embroiled in a row that quivers with international implications when the frank Englishman insults the whole German Army. After the inevitable duel, both Candy and Theo, the German officer who was his opponent, find themselves in the same nursing home. Here they become good friends—so good, in fact, that Theo wins Edith; and when Clive gets back to London he realizes he too is in love with the girl.

Time passes. We see Candy as a colonel in France in World War I. He is still the brave, honorable officer, but he is already a bit "old school." He is indignant at the conduct of the war and enraged at German atrocities. Some Americans, whom he meets in the trenches, are tolerant and mildly amused at his lack of understanding of things as they are.

After the war, he marries Barbara, who is 20 years younger than he and looks surprisingly like the girl he lost to Theo. Theo is now a prisoner of war in England. He refuses to see Candy, but finally comes to a dinner where he meets Candy's important friends. On his way back to Germany, Theo comments to his fellow German officers: ". . . this childlike stupidity! England will soon have Germany on its feet again."

Time passes. In 1939, Theo, an anti-nazi, is seeking refuge in England. "I'm a tired old man who came to this country because I'm homesick. In Germany the gangsters won out." Candy becomes his guarantor. Candy is an old duffer now and looks remarkably like Low's Blimp—complete with bald pate, walrus mustache and tummy. His pride is hurt at being discarded after 44 years' service and at being told the truth by Theo ("You lost the last war and so did we." "You were educated to be a gentleman and a sportsman; this is not a gentleman's war.") Candy becomes an officer in the home guards. But the crowning indignity descends on him in September 1942. He is relaxing in the steam room at the Royal Bathers Club on the day before the war games. The "enemy" plays a dirty trick on him and captures him in the bath before the appointed hour for the maneuvers. Elderly, puffing Clive is furious with the young whippersnapper who explains there are no rules in modern war, the enemy strikes without warning and definitely does not play the game.

Theo tries to console Clive who admits somewhat begrudgingly that he was once "a young fool like that." But Theo wonders if that young fool "will be such a grand old man." The film closes as Candy admits he hasn't changed.

I wish (mildly) that the "Life and Death" phrase had been kept in the American title of "Colonel Blimp." For the film does describe his life, and, although we do not see him die, the passing of Blimp in this war is obvious. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, who wrote, produced and directed this film, have done an outstanding job. The symbolic story is simple and real—although at times sentimental. And the satire, particularly in the first half of the film, is delicious. The last part grows a bit tiresome, mainly because the picture is too slow in putting over its point. The direction throughout, how-

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ever, is excellent; and the acting glows with warmth and refreshing sparkle. Roger Livesey as Candy and Anton Walbrook as Theo succeed in making living characters out of types. The producers, subtly saying English women look the same through three generations but grow with the time, use lovely Deborah Kerr to play three rôles: Edith, Barbara and the MTC girl who drives Candy's car, cherishes him and feels sorry for him. "Colonel Blimp" has some of the finest technicolor I have ever seen and employs it extremely well. The whole duel episode, with its wonderful humor and superb photography, is a cinematic gem that movie-goers will long remember. I don't know how American audiences will respond to "Colonel Blimp," but I hope this fascinating film about a changing order wins the popularity it deserves. It is an intelligent example of film making and a movie that does much to further understanding of one of our closest allies and friends. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

RUSSIA IS NO RIDDLE. *Edmund Stevens. Greenberg.* $3.00.
TOMORROW WILL SING. *Elliott Arnold. Duell.* $2.50.

Fellow, Traveling

THE TRUTH about Soviet Russia is as warmly controverted today as ever. Two American correspondents, William L. White (whose "Report" was reviewed in these columns last week) and Edmund Stevens, have brought out conflicting versions published curiously enough on the self-same day. Mr. White is so blunt in his praise and blame—and lets one or two unpleasant cats out of the bag as well—that he has been a target for patriotic, "liberal" and of course all pro-Soviet reviewers. He has been widely quoted out of context but his book is hardly noteworthy for its tact. No such problem exists with "Russia Is No Riddle," for Mr. Stevens in the course of his typical correspondent wanderings finds the Russian government justified at every point. He complains that White dashed something off about a six-weeks banquet tour with Eric Johnston, while his own verdict is based on far more comprehensive and extended first-hand experience. Too many American journalists indeed think that there is nothing to finding out all about a foreign country in a few short weeks. Yet, reality being as complex as it is, White has probably hit it off in his hurried and unfortunately tactless fashion better than the more thoroughly grounded Edmund Stevens. Russia is indeed no riddle if you accept Kremlin pronouncements at their face value right straight through.

Most of the Stevens book is in the form of a sort of diary with "historical" analyses and explanations, often in some detail, thrown in. According to the author, the implication, if not in every case flatly stated, is that Russia's conduct has been unexceptionable. The occasions for his whitewashing are manifold but here are a few: the killing off of the Polish underground in Warsaw with Russian troops at the gates; the Polish officers murdered in the Katyn forest; the first Russo-Finnish war; why the Russians do not see American movies; the Polish border question; the Moscow trials, etc. That Soviet Russia has always been completely right in every issue would strain the imagination of any thoughtful American observer, even if he were not himself aware of historic incidents where Soviet action has been clearly reprehensible.

Mr. Stevens concludes with a vigorous plea for Soviet-American friendship and for better knowledge of each other as a necessary means of attaining it. With such an objective there can be no quarrel. He notes certain natural affinities between Russians and Americans, as has been noted by practically every other American observer before him. That, with our common and increasingly coordinated war effort, is a strong basis for mutual understanding. It is a question whether the Stevens type of special pleading is a feasible way of developing mutual respect. It is one thing to explain or extenuate Russian actions and attitudes which puzzle Americans; it hardly solves the riddle to explain them quite away. Somewhere in his book Mr. Stevens tells how the Russians prefer directness to devious methods; that sword should cut both ways. Nothing could be more fatal to whatever hopes there are of the postwar world than a break with Russia. But friendship must be based on truth.

Children of Light

WHEN this story gets in the films everyone will cry but it will be the crying people do at a wedding. There is an American aviator of Italian extraction who is doing his flying in Italy and, of course as it would be, his flying field is only a mile from his Italian uncle's farm, only of course he never knew anything about the uncle until he started flying out of Foggia, and certainly he never knew what the uncle knew, and that is that the uncle's farm really belonged to the aviator's Italian-American father and, consequently, since that father is dead, to the aviator himself. The uncle is very honest about it and tells the aviator, and the aviator is very decent about it and tells the uncle to hold on to it anyway because there is the war going on and who knows . . .

That is enough about the plot which is a good plot with the hero much misunderstood until the last few pages. There is a girl who is a very nice girl.

The spirit in which this novel is written is entirely commendable. The Italian farmers round Foggia are humble and bruised by fascism and the war. If the American aviators could only stay in Foggia long enough all the Italian farmers certainly would become ardent

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democrats; they would reacquire self-confidence; this novel proves without shadow of doubt that Italian farmers are human beings and that, if only the Americans could stay there long enough, Italians might become almost as magnificent as Americans.

There is no describing this magnificence. The author does what he can but he is overawed; that is understandable. So that he makes the Americans look like great hearted boys. But always there, in the author's mind, is this American magnificence, and it is very pleasant to see how quickly the Italians also recognize it. At first they are dazed; it is like looking into the sun. But all they need are a few explanations which the Italian-American hero attends to, assisted by a broadcast from the Mayor of New York, and very quickly they realize that the models of everything that they may become are there before them—friendly, just and decent.

Well, that truly is the way we would like it to be in real life, and it is partially true in real life, only it is not entirely true in real life, not true to the exclusion of everything else. This is a very good little story for those Americans to read who think that all Italians are fascist, because there is only one fascist in the book—and what a bad end he comes to—and it is a good story for those to read who hate all Italians anyway, because in this book there are a great number of nice Italian peasants who are innocent and naïve, and also there is a lovely girl who cannot be kissed by just anyone who wants to; it is surely a good story for those to read who like to be reminded that we are the best people in the world. But it is not quite the real story of the American Army in Italy or the real story of any other army in Italy. The hero worries a little about the bombing of Italian towns and, although this is because he is of Italian origin, it is agreeable all the same to find this worry in the book. Only it is not the whole story about the bombing or about the worrying about the bombing. Not even the beginning of the whole story, of the real story. So that this novel is just a happy little story acted out by people who all are good people—excepting that fascist devil who comes to the bad end—and there is nothing disagreeable in it at all—still excepting that one fascist devil who also has sexual troubles—and it is a very pleasant story to read.

More Books of the Week

Young Bess. Margaret Irwin. Harcourt. $2.50.

EVER SINCE reading "Royal Flush" in 1933, I have had the impression that Margaret Irwin has written the best historical fiction since Maurice Hewlett, of inspired memory. The historical novel is, heaven knows it, no rarity among us at the present moment, and we have only to compare "Young Bess," for example, with any one of the dreary, three-decker tomes of the "Anthony Adversity-Forever Filthy" sort of thing, now so popular, in order to establish the difference between the best-selling rank and file, who generally appear to know even less of history than the art of writing, and a genuine artist in a really difficult *genre*. Miss Irwin's first experiment in the latter, "Royal Flush" just mentioned, was also, unfortunately her best. It was a study of the complicated family and personal relationships between the Stuarts and Bourbons midway in the seventeenth century, and contained some really magnificent portraits of the two Henriettes, mother and beloved sister respectively to Charles II, of the young Louis XIV and his queer younger brother, of Cardinal Mazarin and the Mazarin nieces, and so on. Mrs. Compton Mackenzie, when she undertook a biography of one of the Mazarin girls, could do no better than visit Miss Irwin, saturated, as Mrs. Mackenzie says in her memoirs, with the seventeenth century in a fashion unknown to most of our "historical" novelists whose idea of research seems to be a row of encyclopedias.

The successors to "Royal Flush," like "The Proud Servant" (Montrose), "The Stranger Prince" (Rupert of the Rhine) and "The Bride" (Montrose again), were worthy and competent indeed, but a little on the dull side. In "Young Bess," however, Miss Irwin has returned, in a measure, to her original vein, and it is a rich one in all truth. Young Bess is, of course, England's great Elizabeth in her teens, living, at a considerable disadvantage, first under her half-brother, poor little diseased Edward VI, then under her half-sister, Mary Tudor, last but one of England's Catholic sovereigns. Most unfortunately for construction, as we think, "Young Bess" ends with the death of young Edward, whereas the more fascinating years of Elizabeth's youth were spent as the subject of her sister. We cannot but feel that a sequel is called for, and perhaps is already under way. There are two of Miss Irwin's superbly assured historical and human portraits, one of Henry VIII (who dies shockingly in Chapter Two), the other of his sixth wife, Catherine Parr, to whom, for the first time, full justice is done. "Family life was a difficult affair with a father who had repudiated two of his wives, beheaded two others and bastardized both his daughters; yet Catherine managed to bring to it some sense of coherence and even security." The quotation may serve to indicate the nice quality of Miss Irwin's prose. Nobody, writing of remote historical persons and places, has a better sense of realistic precision in handling dialogue, with the exception of Bernard Shaw in such plays as Saint Joan.

The main weakness of the novel, apart from the hurried, foreshortened construction at the end, is the fact that the figure of young Elizabeth stands out less saliently than those of several minor characters—the tedious Protector Somerset, one of history's supreme bores, for instance, or Archbishop Cranmer. Elizabeth must have been a fascinating woman, in extreme youth as in lonely old age, and Miss Irwin has not quite succeeded in communicating to the reader her dangerous charm. She flirts, swears and loses her temper every so often, and that is about all. Yet, remembering her splendid and somehow pathetic story, we feel that there is the usual intuitional force in Miss Irwin's final page when Elizabeth comparing herself with her two rivals, the little Catholic bigot, Mary, and the little Protestant bigot, Jane Grey, sighs: "May God preserve me from *good* women!"

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

A Masque of Reason. Robert Frost. Holt. $2.00.

THIS slim septuagenarian volume of verse—it lacks the essential element of surprise that would lift it to poetry—will add nothing to the reputation of the author of the fine, grim, tombstone-granite verses in "North of Boston." It does not seem that Mr. Frost's *forte* is thought, or the use of reason. His explanation of evil is that God "was just showing off to the devil"; that "the tempter comes to Me and I am tempted, I've had about enough of his derision, of what I valued most

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in human nature, He thinks he's smart." And in an attempt to make the Deity use the language of Goethe and Peer Gynt—blank verse salted with colloquialisms—he succeeds in reading like a Buchmanist's rendering of the works of the late Mr. Humbert Wolfe. "How is that for a mix-up, Thyatira?" "Two pitching on like this tend to confuse me," "I'm a great stickler for the author's name" and "My kingdom, what an outbreak" are hardly sentences one would wish put into the mouth of a prophet who wrote some of the greatest sentences in any language, and of his Creator, about Whom one of the things we definitely know is that He is the Word. The dust cover is delightful. ANNE FREMANTLE.

China after Seven Years of War. Edited by Hollington K. Tong. Macmillan. $2.00.

UNDER the impulse of the Chinese Ministry of Information these exceptionally good sketches have been written by a group of Chinese journalists and authors. They are truly exceptionally good because these writers possess not only their own language and literature but excellent command of English and easy familiarity with our own American idiom, which gives them a great advantage over most one-sided interpretations of China. No matter how good our writers about China may be, there are practically none who know the Chinese language. Everything the collaborators in this series of sketches are saying here, and, themselves, are doing, is something new in the history of the Chinese people. They are examples of a new generation which has cohered in the past thirty-five years, and has begun to show the nature of its fruit under pressure of seven years of war bearing with it both perilous disintegration and vigorous new growth. They present personal word-pictures of individuals and families in the great displacement of the varied provincial populations, so unlike each other in their separate dialects that they often seem different languages; as different as the dialects of Swiss cantons.

As a consequence some of these new authors are now expressing themselves in books through Chinese dialects hitherto not well known to them. Some of the most interesting results of this new-found contact of people from the remote provinces of the former Empire are their new social relationships. The growing individual independence of women is one of them, and their growing ability to make their own way against the more conservative. Chinese women have always been independent within the general pattern. Now they go on, often, as individuals even to the point of taking their part in the ranks, sometimes as the leaders, of fighting men. Another is the growth of individual realization of the meaning of Western economic and political techniques, which they may now adopt without losing their old cherished *mores*. So, too, of the emergence of the trained fighting man as a respectable member of society and a patriot, which he was not in China's ideas.

Seventy years ago the youth of Japan were so keen to take on everything Western that it was proposed to abolish the Japanese language and make English or French the official language, with Christianity the state religion. Chinese youth of a later period tended in the same direction. The Dowager Empress of China and the Boxer War were manifestations of indigestion and revulsion against the West, as was the rise of Japanese military autocracy, turning from ideas of a "co-prosperity sphere" to conquest.

If one may judge from these sketches, the aloofness from life of the literary caste is passing; without losing the ancient traditions, it is fusing to a new development of Chinese letters. No doubt these men and the growing number to which they belong can wield great influence on the lives of the people of China; by being forced into physical contact with them and becoming part of their own as individuals, by passing from reporters and observers of life to being part of its texture, they may develop the qualities of true leadership in both cultures.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Broken Pitcher. Naomi Gilpatrick. Dial. $2.50.

MOST first novels are less impressive than their advertising. Moreover the term "first novel" is a deceptive one. A first novel may be written by one who is fifty or by one who is twenty. Neither may be good. So I prefer to forget it.

The fact is that Miss Gilpatrick has written a wise and mature book. And she has written it with intelligence, honesty and a great deal of wisdom. Parts of it she has done beautifully, with an expert handling not merely of the English language, but of the remembered feelings of a young girl knowing the acerb ecstasy and the fond imprisonment of love.

This, of course, has been done a thousand times before. It is the subject of all poetry and consumes much of life. But it is not idle to point out that the emotions with which an artist can deal are limited and few. The tests, I think are these: does the novel possess artistic integrity; and does it furnish our minds and our will with wisdom? Miss Gilpatrick has met these tests. Therefore she is entitled to be read with respect and admiration.

If the tumultuous, multitudinous and bewildering spasms of the emotions of people in a book are identifiable with our own, then people have been created and not symbols of people. And if astrigency has been put on emotional surrender, and if love has been shown to be renunciation as well as possession, then wisdom has been given us. Because Miss Gilpatrick has done these things she has written a good novel. Moreover she handles with skill the strabgemfrustrate and tangential relations of her men and women. I suspect that she is more familiar with women than with men, for in this book her men have a kind of aura that is the creation of feminine imagination.

Miss Gilpatrick has told a story of the slow and reluctant decline of father worship on the part of a young girl. She has quietly built up the sense of resentment and of betrayal at the presence of her mother's second husband. And wonderfully has she let us watch this girl fall in love with this same man, invest him with a kind of knighthood who was once an intruder in her house. The tense and complex relations of three women, the dissolution of worship, the sin of emotional acquisition—these things she has done well. And she touches with delicacy the most primal of things. In fact I suspect that the much talked of Catholic American novel has been written—and that this is it.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

Green Armor. Osmar White. Norton. $3.00.

THE GREEN ARMOR is the jungle of New Guinea, and it is this young New Zealand newspaperman's theory that, more than any other single factor, it kept the Japanese from taking Australia. Osmar White

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covered the war in the South Pacific from its beginning, and his picture of what it was like in the early days seems to be highly accurate in spite of a fondness for purple prose and a penchant for kicking the bottoms of his black servants.

White makes out a good case for the jungle and mountain having stopped the enemy in New Guinea rather than the orthodox tactics most of the white soldiers employed. The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles were about the only group, as a group, able consistently to outfight the enemy in the jungle. White traveled over the two mountain trails that led to the battlegrounds near Salamaua and Kokoda, and his first-hand description of the conditions under which the fighting occurred make it clear that the Australians were very brave men and equally clear that it was those conditions more than any other single factor that eventually broke the Japanese attack. If it could be called an attack at that stage: what was meant by the Japanese getting within 30 miles of Port Moresby was that a few starving, disease-ridden patrols got that close and then had to fall back.

White does not use the names of military personnel, and it is perhaps partly due to this that we get little sense of humanity from many of the people he writes about. He does make it clear that without the black porters to carry cargo across New Guinea things might have been a good deal worse than they were. Yet not less than five times, four of them with apparent relish, does he relate how he kicked "their black behinds." White himself is a rather complicated character. Almost humorless, insular, race-conscious to a degree, he nevertheless is brave, honest and observant. In spite of his own unconscious lack of it, he can admire greatly the charity of Damien Parer, an Australian photographer. Parer seems to have been of legendary stature. He lugged his own equipment over the incredible trails of New Guinea, was always as close as he could get to the fighting, was not above kneeling to say his night prayers in camp with fifty commandos, was kind, funny, and was finally killed last September by machine-gun bullets while filming front-line operations on Peleliu.

When White can forget to be purple and to theorize, he tells a story in detail that rivals the method of a good fiction writer. HARRY SYLVESTER.

Golden Gate Country. Gertrude Atherton. Duell. $3.00.

SAN FRANCISCO had not been projected into the spotlight of international fame, or, at least, publicity, through its selection as the meeting place for the United Nations when Gertrude Atherton was planning and writing her "Golden Gate Country," one of the round dozen books so far to be published of that very valuable series called "American Folkways." It is a fortunate fact; for had it been otherwise, Mrs. Atherton might have been led away from her fascinating account of the purely human, romantic, secular, social aspects of life in and around the city by the Golden Gate to deal with more serious, but duller, factors in its history; such as its importance in the trade routes of the world, its value as a prize in the imperialistic and nationalistic struggles of contending nations and peoples—the Spanish, the British, the Japanese, the Russians—in the past, and the continuance of those struggles, in another form, which will be among the elements of the great problems to be dealt with in San Francisco next month. Such a study of San Francisco, and of California, would indeed be valuable today; but such a purpose is not the guiding principle of the American Folkway series, and like the conscientious and highly capable writer that she is, Mrs. Atherton has worked well within the proper limits of the general design, and has produced a most interesting volume, which will aid, it is hoped, a multitude of readers to appreciate the character and importance of San Francisco not only in national but international affairs.

Its almost casual mention of the greater political motives that have been manifested in the life of her chosen city, oddly enough, enhances rather than detracts from the value of Mrs. Atherton's book as an aid to the understanding of the problems and issues of the United Nations conference. All such problems when presented in formal terms, almost inseparable from their treatment by historians, save by a few artists among the historians, become so abstract, and so dry and tedious in their form, as to be neglected by the very people who should know them and try to understand them—a fact which Mrs. Atherton knows very well, as her own historical novels, dealing with Alexander Hamilton, and with the Russian ambassador Rezanov who came to San Francisco more than a century ago pursuing the imperialistic designs of his nation, only, however, to become a hero in a wonderful romance, amply demonstrate.

Hence in the panorama she presents of the flow of the human tides through the Golden Gate of San Francisco, and of the struggles of the gold-hunters, and the cattle barons, and the railroad and banking chieftains (and the crooks and adventurers so numerous in their ranks) and of the conflicts between the Southerners and the Northerners which made California play so decisive a part in the Civil War, Mrs. Atherton concentrates upon the most interesting characters in the drama, and so really brings the drama itself to life, instead of leaving it buried in the musty tombs of mere historical records. Especially does she excel in reviving the atmosphere, and making readers share her lively sense of the drama—not to say the melodrama—of this romantic American region.

What she does leave out, however, or bring in as mere phantoms of the past, in the form of a few passing and inconsequential references, is the real importance and significance of the Catholic element in both Californian and American (and world) affairs. The sword of imperialistic conquest—whether in the hands of Spanish, or English or Russian, or, later, of American military force—or the coin symbolizing trade and commerce, nailed by Francis Drake to a post by the harbor mouth, and the gold in the soil of California—these symbols are dominant in the story of San Francisco—but the cross erected by the Golden Gate was also, and preeminently, the symbol of a greater force—but that story must be left to a less worldly chronicler than the charming Gertrude Atherton. Let us hope that when one appears he, or she, will possess the same artistic skill, and meanwhile let us enjoy and profit by her book. MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Report from Red China. Harrison Forman. Holt. $3.00.

FORMAN'S Red China is news. It has been one of the major mysteries of the war in Asia. Keen newsmen have been unable to solve it. Those "mysterious personages" (as THE COMMONWEAL puts it) who are supposed to shape or maybe create foreign policy have been equally unable to make up their minds about it. They have shifted bewilderingly from ecstatic love for Chungking to love as ardent for Yenan—from Chiang

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to Mao and back again both ways. Chiang, the Generalissimo, suddenly allowed a number of resident correspondents to go and see Red China for themselves. This Report is the result. Several things in it are news. A luxurious train to get there is certainly news. So are super-luxurious buses, immaculate linen, delicious food and well-appointed rest houses on the way to the Japanese lines. One doesn't get that notion from all the other books one reads about China. He makes his story real and living, but Forman also, like the State Department's "mysterious personages," leaves you to make up your mind yourself as to where Red Chinese belong in the world; whether they are people on our side or not. And that leaves you exactly where you were when you started. W.F.S.

Generals in the White House. Dorothy B. Goebel and Julius Goebel, Jr. Doubleday. $2.75.

AN AMAZING amount of interesting information relative to Washington, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Benjamin Harrison has been made available in this book. The military and civilian contribution made by each man is very objectively treated. The book is a skillfully fused combination of history and biography. The authors believe that the future may perhaps make additions to the list of nine generals who have to date been rewarded by the gift of the presidency. The book is readable; the material accurately presented. P. K.

The Berkshire Hills. Federal Writers' Project. Duell. $3.00.

A competent geographical and historical guide to one of the most attractive and interesting sections in our New England States—with good half-tones.

The Inner Forum

Italian Pastoral

THE FOLLOWING text of a Pastoral Letter, dated September 25, 1944, by the Most Reverend Emanuele Mignone, eighty-one-year-old Bishop of Arezzo, Italy, has just reached us. Its general interest justifies our making it available to a wider audience; its original title was "The Present Hour and Our Duty."

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS AND SONS:

Even in the upper Casentino the cannon has finally ceased firing, the Diocese has begun to breathe, and with the hope that normal life will soon recover its rhythm, I feel the need of sending you some word, for my thoughts have always been with you. I must begin with a sincere confession; how many times have I been ashamed of my relatively easy position in the Bishop's house, which, thanks to God, was respected even by those from whom everything was to be feared, when I thought of the many thousands of my flock, of every sex and age and social condition, driven to wandering without a roof, often living in a hayrick, a barn, a cellar, without bread or the possibility of a change of clothes and this for months on end! I blushed for this privileged situation given to a father and not to his children.

And yet it was not the suffering and damage connected with acts of war which were most bitter; we know that war is war, and once it had been declared by the authori-

This Publishing Business

The Vision of Piers Plowman

This week we reprint Professor Wells of Columbia's famous modern English version of *The Vision of Piers Plowman.* Curious that Catholics of the English tongue should have let as rich a piece of their heritage pass from them. It is incomparably the greatest Catholic poem in the language—perhaps the only one, reckoning by the standards of world-poetry; and no other standards are of application to William Langland.

Langland is a man in a rage and his rage has the one thing that makes rage fruitful—its first object is himself and his sins:

"So I live without love, like a low mongrel
And all my body bursts from the bitterness of my anger."

But his own self and his own sins do not exhaust the rich store of his anger, and we have as a consequence such a picture of a world out of harmony with the will of God as it would be hard to parallel. On one side is the Trinity, and the virtue of Charity which should bind men to the Trinity and to one another. On these two themes he writes superbly, coming back to them again and again. On the supremacy of Charity he writes one of the greatest lines in any poetry:

"Therefore Chastity without Charity shall be chained in hell."

On the other side is the world of men—churchmen and laymen, rich and poor—all classes corrupt and corrupting—Charity unhonored. What is to be noted throughout is the unflagging vigour of his writing. From end to end of the poem (two hundred and eighty pages of it) a storm is blowing. There is wit in plenty, but wit without mirth. Where, he asks, is Charity?

"In a friar's frock he was found once
But that was afar back in Saint Francis's lifetime."

When the great preacher comes from his most moving sermon on mortification and gorges at the dinner table:

"I wished heartily, angrily and eagerly
That this same Doctor would devour dishes and platters
And they be molten in his mouth, and Mohammed in his belly!
I'll ask this bottle-bellied bulging jordan
To tell me what penance is, of which he preached so finely."

The rich man who lets the poor suffer unaided rouses him to outburst after outburst:

"When his corpse comes in his coffin to burial
I believe it will scent the soil with so pernicious an odour
that all others where he is lying will be envenomed with his poison."

In modernising this poem, Professor Wells has done something in one way comparable to the translation by Fitzgerald of *Omar Khayyam.* Probably *Piers Plowman* will not sweep the world like Omar; for it is not wrought in rose petals. But the anger of Langland is worth letting loose again upon a world still full of those evils which first provoked it.

—F.J.S.

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THE TRUE LIFE. By Rev. F. Ruemmer. The book is described in the sub-title as "A Little Book on Grace." The treatment is unctious and edifying, not technical but popular, and should make instructive spiritual reading for the devout layman or the young religious. (B. Herder, St. Louis). $1.25

DRINK FROM THE ROCK. Selected poems from *Spirit*. Introduction by Helen C. White. Edited by John Gilland Brunini. "A distinguished collection . . . the high level of general excellence serves as no foil to any special jewels."—The Commonweal. (Order from Book Service Dept., The Commonweal, 386 4th Ave., N. Y. C. 16)----------$2.00

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ties, we were bound to suffer the consequences. For everyone, even for those—the truly healthy part of the nation—who were against it from the first and listened to the wise and farseeing warning of the Holy Father. What revolted everyone were the cruel tortures and the unjustified butcheries committed, with the excuse of the war, by those whom many Italians persisted in calling our allies and who showed themselves to be detestable enemies.

No one will ever succeed in fully describing the savage hate with which they destroyed all that they could not carry away, the senseless avidity and scornful mockery with which they completed the final devastation, through fire and dynamite, of whole villages before they left; the refined cruelty with which they tortured, for the sheer love of torture, crowds of peaceful workmen, not excluding children, before giving them the final death blow; the sacrilegious violence to consecrated persons and things: here, they put on the religious vestments and calling people to church with the solemn ringing of the bells, parodied our sacred rites with filthy uproar; there, they spread out on the church floor everything hallowed which they could find in the sacristy, and then, horrible to say, covered it with their dirty excrements. (I ask pardon for such realistic language, but how can one use decent words for acts so vile?) There is yet more, as when after having killed the parish priest or having ruthlessly sent him away, they defiled the Blessed Sacrament.

It is impossible to describe the hardships inflicted on almost all my parish priests; many of them, with a revolver at their throat, were threatened with death in case of any hostile act in their parish; nine of them were barbarously murdered while on errands of mercy (I omit two buried under ruins) and to these I will add a tenth whose leg was blown off by a bomb thrown at him when he went to plead the cause of twenty-five parishioners sentenced to death. I will not speak of families scattered, of the roundup of whole populations, carried off (one with their parish priest) to unknown destinations to work for the enemy; nor of the abominable acts committed on young girls (one was barely eleven years old!) and young wives whose feeble strength could not prevail against the erotic desires of such ruffians.

But enough; I do not wish to nauseate any further your Christian feelings, though not for this will the painful story of our daily trials cease; the terrible financial ruin and the once wealthy families reduced to beggary; the enormous expense and sacrifice we must make to recover a modest *modus vivendi;* the innumerable families who came back to their homes only to find a mass of ruins, and this with winter coming on, and its menacing increase of suffering to all those who lack the common necessities of life. And tomorrow? I do not wish to be a prophet of misfortune, but one must dread so many things for the morrow; the general discontent, the hate of brother for brother, the personal *vendette,* theft, immorality, tale-bearing, lawbreaking on a systematic scale, perhaps the clamorous reaction of those fishing for trouble, and may God avert the worst of all, the neglect of our religion, which alone can enable us to bear so many ills.

What are our present duties in this calamity? First of all, our sacred duty is to humiliate ourselves before God and examine well our conscience and acknowledge that the first cause of our misfortune came from ourselves. Final responsibility will be assigned in due time by those whose duty it is; for our part, before accusing others, let us look into our own hearts, our pride, blas-

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phemy, cupidity, our evil passions, and let us propose to wipe out the past by exercising the contrary virtues and by just penance. I would have this consist in bearing patiently the endless domestic privations imposed on us by the civil government and the much greater ones inherent in the state of war, in shedding the tears, which are the portion of every family, in peace.

Our second duty is to promote concord and the union of hearts; "Concordia res parvae craescunt, discordia maxime dilabuntur," said the Roman historian Sallust. Away with all which divides us; with the personal feuds so hateful to God, with the hatred between brothers, the theft from our neighbors, with spying and treacherous betrayal, always abhorrent, and doubly so when directed against one's own country. Our third duty should be a boundless charity toward our needy brethren; two-thirds of the city of Arezzo is reduced to ruins; a number of villages completely wrecked and others half destroyed; some twenty churches razed to the ground and others seriously damaged; innumerable sacristies empty of everything necessary for the church services; an endless number of houses destroyed in our fair countryside, and an even greater number of people reduced to starvation. If therefore you have the good fortune to have a roof over your heads and clothes and food and some money, the best way to thank God is to share what you have with those in want.

How many times was I moved by the account of those who were obliged at the point of a gun to hand over fifty, thirty, twenty thousand lire to an unknown oppressor. I can make no claims on you but I ask you, not with a gun but with the Crucifix in my hand, for your modest and voluntary offering, confident of your help. Let us join in a special prayer for our country, that, purified by expiation in suffering, convinced once for all that the principal, grievous cause of all our misfortunes was wrong pride and greed, she may turn with courage to correct and remedy these past errors and raise her head gloriously, once again, as so often before, mistress of civilization and moderation to all people. Let us implore the grace of God to assist us all in bearing patiently our cross, looking forward hopefully to the future. This is the dearest wish of your bishop who blesses you with his whole heart.

EMANUELE,
Bishop of Arezzo.

CONTRIBUTORS

James RORTY is an American publicist, whose best known book was called "Our Master's Voice, Advertising."

N. Philip NORMAN, M.D., took his medical degree in Vanderbilt University in 1912. He was a medical officer in World War I. He has practiced medicine in New York ever since. The present article will be enlarged and reprinted as a pamphlet by the Cooperative League and the Post War World Council.

Rudolph Edward M. MORRIS is at present teaching sociology and modern languages at Gannon College, Erie, Pa. He was formerly an executive in a German tobacco company. For eight years he lived in France, where he was active in adult education and as a writer and translator. In 1940 he served in the French Army, and has been in this country since October, 1941.

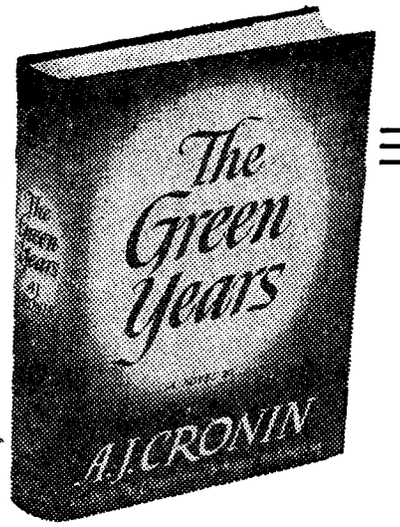
Cuthbert WRIGHT teaches at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

Anne FREMANTLE is at present living in Washington, D. C.

William Franklin SANDS has recently published "Our Jungle Diplomacy."

Francis DOWNING is in the educational department of the Auto Workers Union.

Harry SYLVESTER'S new novel, "Dayspring," is published on the same day as this issue of THE COMMONWEAL.



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Next Week

Annual Education Number

FUTURE OF LIBERAL EDUCATION, by Tyler Dennett, noted historian and former president of Williams College deals with the liberal arts college and its future which has been so jeopardized by the present war. Doctor Dennett was for five years Chief of the Division of Publications of the Department of State and is the author, among other historical works, of a Pulitzer prize biography of John Hay. He has long been greatly concerned with the problems of the American liberal arts college; his approach is both original and forthright.

MOTHER DAMMANN, by Anna Hellersberg-Wendriner, is a warm tribute to the late beloved president of Manhattanville. It deals mainly with Mother Dammann's educational ideas — particularly with her efforts to integrate present-day Catholic education with the teaching of the liberal arts.

A PROSPECT FOR METAPHYSICS, by Yves Simon, professor of philosophy at the University of Lille and at present at the University of Notre Dame, is a thoughtful brief suggestion as to how progress may be registered in metaphysics by approaching it at new levels.

April 13 issue: Maritain's Farewell to America— Henri Bernstein, C. G. Paulding, Jacques Maritain

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